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[These memoirs extended from 1784, the year of Handel's first Commemoration, to 1830. W. T. Parke, the author, was for forty years chief oboist at Covent Garden Theatre.—D. B.]

EXCERPT No. 1.
1784.

The Italian opera this season again possessed a host of strength in Pacchierotti, who first appeared at the King's Theatre in the year 1778, and, notwithstanding this was his seventh season, his voice (a soprano) was as much admired as ever, and he was still considered a most accomplished singer, though I have frequently heard him hold a note for two or three bars below the pitch, and be enthusiastically applauded for it. This might have proceeded from the Italian system of tuition, which so strictly forbids pupils singing too sharp, that it may, perhaps, occasion them to fall into the opposite defect of singing too flat. It appears to me, however, to be a hopeless task to attempt teaching persons to sing in tune whose auricular nerves are not perfectly organized. Pacchierotti was greatly admired for his vast feeling and expression, which he evinced by a peculiar mode of shrugging his shoulders and nodding his head, according to the passage. As a singer, Pacchierotti was the greatest favourite with the ladies since Farinelli, particularly with L—y M—y D—n (as old as a sibyl and as ugly as Siorax), whose impenetrable features nothing could relax, save the Signor's fascinating song! Pacchierotti made his first appearance of the season, January 2nd, in a new serious opera, called *Il Trionfo d'Aravia*, the music of which was by Anfossi. Pacchierotti sang with great effect and applause, and in his second and last airs displayed the utmost taste and pathos. Signora Lusini, though by no means his equal, sang with much feeling. Two performers, Signora Dorta and Signor Tasca, appeared for the first time, on the 6th of January, in a new comic opera, called *I Rivali delusi*, the music of which was by Sarti. They both acted and sang with great animation, and were well received. Tasca's fine mellow bass voice was very striking. The fine serious opera, *Demofonte*, the music by Bertoni, was performed for Pacchierotti's benefit on the 6th of March to a crowded house. Pacchierotti, in the airs, "Non temer" and Handel's "Verdi prati," sang with extraordinary energy and expression, and was rapturously applauded. The performance of Signora Lusini and Signor Tasca was highly effective. Bertoni, who accompanied Pacchierotti to England, set the opera of the *Oraci e Curiazi*, in 1746, for the theatre San Casiano at Venice, where he was *maestro* of the Conservatorio. He composed operas also for most of the theatres in Italy, particularly that of Turin. His opera of *Quinto Fabio*, which was greatly admired in London, was originally produced at Padua, where it was performed twenty consecutive nights with great applause. Bertoni, as a composer, though he did not reach the sublime, was often pleasing and occasionally happy. The opera company was this season in some respects defective.

The grand concerts in Hanover Square, under the direction of a committee of amateurs, commenced on the 11th of February; Signor Franchi and Signora Lusini were the singers. Cramer, Clementi, and Schwartz played concertos in the first style of excellence on the violin, pianoforte, and bassoon. These concerts had emerged out of Bach's* and Abel's† concerts, which were first established about the year 1763, and continued to flourish for twenty years.

Oratorios were performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane on the Wednesdays and Fridays during the Lent season, and on the latter days were honoured by the presence of their Majesties. They were alternately conducted by Mr Stanley and Mr Linley. The principal singers were Mr Norris (from Oxford), Mr Reinhold, Miss George, and Mrs Kennedy. Mr Richards led the band, and Messrs Crosdill, Mahon, and the elder Parke, exerted their superior abilities in concertos on the violoncello, clarinet, and oboe. A curious circumstance occurred on the first night of this season. Their Majesties had commanded Handel's sacred oratorio, *The Messiah*; and from their not being any concertos between the acts, the performance unexpectedly ended at half-past nine o'clock, which never having happened before, the royal carriages had not arrived to convey the King and Queen home. His Majesty had arisen from his chair to take leave of the public, according to custom, when the Lord Chamberlain informed him of the circumstance. The King looked at his watch, and with the utmost good humour communicated the singular occurrence to the Queen. However, about a minute afterwards, being informed that his coach was ready, his Majesty, smiling, made his usual bow, and retired amidst the acclamations of the audience.—(A very "curious circumstance," worth commemorating.—Dr Wittge.)

The Pantheon concerts commenced on the 29th of March, in which Mdme Mara made her first appearance in England. Her sweet and

powerful voice, her brilliant execution, and refined taste surprised and delighted all who heard her, and the applause she received was immense. Salomon led the band, and Crosdill and Fischer played concertos on the violoncello and oboe, with the utmost taste and effect.

On the 17th of the same month a new comic opera, called *Robin Hood*, written by Mr M'Nally, a counsellor of the sister kingdom, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre. The music to this opera, with the exception of a few pieces, was composed by Mr Shield, and was, together with the rest, eminently successful. Among the most favourite pieces were Mrs Bannister's song, "The Nightingale," in which I performed a brilliant accompaniment on the oboe. Mr Bannister's fine bass song, "As burns the charger," accompanied by Mr Sarjant on the trumpet; and the duet, "The stag through the forest," to the music of Dr Harrington's "How sweet in the woodlands," was sung by Johnstone and Bannister, and was unanimously encored. It is a curious fact that Mr Bannister, who never sang out of time or out of tune, did not know one note of music. He had his songs, &c., parroted to him by a worthy friend of mine, Mr Griffith Jones, who was at that time pianist to Covent Garden Theatre. The music in this opera was looked upon as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mr Shield. The fine overture, which was *obligato* for the oboe, was composed by Mr Baumgarten, and was universally applauded.

Although I now felt very comfortable in my situation, being honoured with the approbation of the public, possessing the friendship of Mr Shield, who wrote for my instrument, and of Mr Baumgarten, a great contrapuntist, under whom I studied composition, I did not consider the *fish yet caught*, my ambition prompting me to endeavour to attain the still higher walks of concertos and concerto playing; to effect which I embraced every opportunity afforded me for practice and study; and as *every little helps*, I had a party of talented friends every Sunday morning to breakfast with me, after which we played quartets and quintets for three or four hours. My party generally consisted of Mr Shield, Mr Dance, Mr Blake, myself, and Counsellor Howarth, M.P., one of the most distinguished lawyers at the English bar. He was also a man of agreeable manners and witty conversation, and was not only a lover of music, but an excellent performer on the tenor. The last time I met Mr Howarth was at an evening party, in the house of Mr Mayor, ex-member for Abingdon, whom Mr Howarth had lately succeeded as representative of that borough in parliament. During supper Mr Howarth invited me to dine with him the following Sunday at his country-house at Mortlake, near Richmond, which, fortunately for me, I declined, as on that day, while he and his brother-in-law, Mr Chippenden (attended by Mr Howarth's coachman), were sailing on the Thames, the boat upset, and Mr Howarth, though an excellent swimmer, was drowned opposite to his own dwelling, and in sight of his family. The courts of Westminster, in compliment to his talent and worth, were closed during the following day. As it may appear extraordinary that Mr Howarth, who was an expert swimmer, should be drowned, whilst Mr Chippenden and the coachman (neither of whom could swim) were saved, it is necessary to state the supposed cause of that melancholy catastrophe. So soon as the surprise occasioned by the boat upsetting had subsided, Mr Howarth hastened to save his brother-in-law, and holding him up with one hand, swam with the other to the boat, where, having placed him in safety, whilst several watermen were coming to their assistance, he was about to proceed to the aid of his servant; but, on quitting hold of his relative, he instantly went down like a shot. The coachman was however picked up. It was conjectured that Mr Howarth had, through excessive exertion, ruptured a blood vessel in the head; but as his body was not found for many days afterwards, that fact could not be satisfactorily ascertained.

Instrumental music had at this period arrived at a high degree of perfection, being graced with the shining talents of the following solo players: Giardini, Cramer, Salomon, Pieltain, and Barthelmon on the violin; Crosdill and Cervetto on the violoncello; Fischer on the elder Parke on the oboe; Clementi, Schroeter, and Dance on the pianoforte; Florio and Graeff on the flute; Schwartz and Holmes on the bassoon; Abel on the viol di gamba; Mahon on the clarinet; Sarjant on the trumpet; and Stamatz and Shield on the tenor.

Vauxhall Gardens (then highly fashionable) opened on the 20th of May. The singers were Mrs Weichsell (mother of Mrs Billington), Mrs Wrighton, and Mrs Kennedy (an excellent trio), and Mr Arrowsmith. Mr Pieltain led the band, and played concertos on the violin; and the elder Parke and Hook performed concertos on the oboe and organ.

This year a grand commemoration of Handel took place, by command of their Majesties, in Westminster Abbey. The following brief account of it, partly derived from my own reminiscences,

* John Christian Bach—the "English Bach," as he used to be called.

† Son of Abel and father of Adam.

‡ The younger Parke, son of the elder oboist.

(having been engaged in it,) and partly from Dr Burney's book on the subject, will probably be gratifying to the lovers of music. The first performance, a selection of sacred music from the works of Handel, was on Wednesday the 26th of May. The Abbey was arranged for the accommodation of the public, after the plan of Mr Wyatt, the King's architect, in superb and very convenient manner. The orchestra, which contained upwards of five hundred performers, was formed in a rising manner in tiers, beginning about eight feet from the floor, and increasing gradually till it reached the centre of the large painted window at the west entrance, the performers looking eastward. The splendid box erected for their Majesties, with others on each side for their suite, the bishops, and noble directors, crossed the aisle of the cathedral opposite to the orchestra, close to the entrance of the choir. The area between the royal box and the orchestra was very spacious, and was fitted up with seats covered with crimson cloth, extending from one side to the other, and galleries were ingeniously built along each side, elevated about ten feet from the floor. The admissions were one guinea each; and the curiosity of the public was so great, that although the performance was not to commence till twelve o'clock, the doors were besieged by nine. Their Majesties, preceded by the noble directors in full court dresses, with the medal of Handel, struck for the occasion, suspended by white satin rosettes to their breasts, and white staves in their hands, entered their box at twelve o'clock precisely; and when they were seated the performance opened with the Coronation Anthem, composed in 1727 for the coronation of George II., which was followed by the Overture to *Esther*, composed in 1720. The four bars solo, in the second movement for the oboe, was played by Mr Vincent, and the brilliant solos for the same instrument in the *allegro* (says Dr Burney) "were played by twelve oboes in unison, which united in such a manner as to have the effect of only one."—"Of the *Dettingen Te Deum*, for the peace of Utrecht (observes the same writer), which was produced in 1743, and which succeeded the former, I shall only observe that, as it was composed for a military triumph, the fourteen trumpets, two pair of common kettle drums, two pair of double drums from the Tower, and a pair of double bass drums, made expressly for this commemoration—I beg to add that they were invented, manufactured, and beat by Mr John Asbridge, kettle-drummer to Drury Lane Theatre, at his own expense—were introduced with great propriety. Indeed the last-mentioned drums, except in their destruction, had all the effect of the most powerful artillery." The Overture and Dead March in *Saul*, and the *Gloria Patri*, from the *Jubilate*, composed in 1713, were next given, and received every possible advantage from such a correct and numerous band. When this great event was in contemplation, two very pompous gentlemen, Dr Hayes of Oxford, and Dr Miller of Doncaster, came to town to give their gratuitous assistance as conductors, by beating time. After several meetings and some bickerings, it was at length agreed that Dr Hayes (Mus. Doc., Oxon.) should conduct the first act and Dr Miller the second. With regard to the third, I suppose they were to toss up for it. When the time of performance had arrived, and Mr Cramer, the leader, had just tapped his bow (the signal for being ready), and looked round to catch the eyes of the performers, he saw, to his astonishment, a tall gigantic figure, with an immense powdered toupee, full dressed, with a bag and sword, and a huge roll of parchment in his hand.

—The son of Hercules he justly scorn'd
By his broad shoulders and gigantic mien.

"Who is that gentleman?" said Mr Cramer.—"Dr Hayes," was the reply.—"What is he going to do?"—"To beat time."—"Be so kind," said Mr Cramer, "to tell the gentleman that when he has sat down I will begin." The Doctor, who never anticipated such a *set down* as this, took his seat; Mr Cramer did begin, and his Majesty, with all present, bore witness to his masterly style of leading the band.

The second performance was at the Pantheon, on the evening of Thursday, May 27. It commenced with Handel's fourth concerto. Mr Harrison gave the air from *Sosarmes*, composed in 1732, "May heaven in pity," with the utmost chasteness and truth. Signor Pacchierotti sang the air, "The wily sportsmen," from *Julius Cæsar*, composed in 1753, in which he produced the greatest effect. Mdme Mara, in the air in *Atalanta*, composed in 1736, "While I retire," by the sweetness and power of her voice, delighted every hearer. The third performance, *The Messiah*, was in the Abbey, May 29. The church was this day crowded to excess with elegant company. Their Majesties (who, as before, wore the medal of Handel) entered exactly at twelve o'clock. In the opening of *The Messiah*, the recitative, "Comfort ye my people," and the air which follows, "Every valley shall be exalted," Mr Harrison delivered with his superior ability. Mdme Mara, in the air "Rejoice," displayed the utmost brilliancy of execution; and in "I know that my Redeemer liveth" her expression and pathos were so powerful, that there were

but few eyes that were not moistened with a tear. The favourite bass trumpet song, "The trumpet shall sound," was uncommonly well sung by Signor Tasca, and was finely accompanied on the trumpet by Mr Sarjant. The imperfect note on the fourth of the key on the trumpet has since been rendered perfect by Mr Hydes' ingenious invention of a slide. "But now I hasten," says Dr Burney, "to speak of the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' which is the triumph of Handel, the commemoration, and of the musical art. Now, as the orchestra in Westminster Abbey seemed to ascend to the clouds, and unite with the saints and martyrs represented on the painted glass in the west window, which had all the appearance of a continuation of the orchestra, I could hardly refrain from imagining that this orchestra was a point or segment of the celestial circles; and perhaps no band of mortal musicians ever exhibited a more imposing appearance to the eye, or afforded more ecstatic and affecting sounds to the ear, than this.

So sang they, and the empyrean rang
With Hallelujahs."

These performances gave such general satisfaction, that his Majesty consented to honour with his presence two additional ones, which took place on Thursday, June 3, consisting of a grand selection, and on Saturday, June 5, of *The Messiah*. At the rehearsal of these extra performances Josiah Bates, director of them, received a letter from Mr Reinhold, the principal bass singer, stating that he was so hoarse he should not be able to attend. This caused some delay, and it being buzzed about the orchestra, at length reached the ears of old Bellamy, one of the chorus singers, whose ambition prompted him to make an offer of his services to Mr Bates in the following words:—"Mr Bates,—Sir, as Mr Reinhold can't sing, if you please I will stand in his shoes." To which Mr Bates replied, "Mr Bellamy,—Sir, we will not trouble you, as Mr Reinhold's shoes won't fit you." This disappointment was, however, soon got over by Mr Bellamy, jun. singing the part. "Of these extra performances," says Dr Burney, "nothing more need be said than that they were executed with such correctness and grandeur of effect as entitled them to still greater praise than the foregoing."

(To be continued.)

Bath.

The ensuing is from a work published in 1761, entitled
"A Tour through Britain. By a Gentleman."

"It was of old a Resort for Cripples; and we see the
Crutches hung up at the several Baths, as the Thank-offerings
of those who came hither lame, and went away cured."

[There were not many crutches hung up, I fear—crutches,
I mean, belonging to their owners. City crutches, perhaps,
like Alp-sticks, with Cures, instead of Passes, cut in notches.
—Dr Blincoe.]

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—I have ere now remarked that the day will come when professional actors and actresses will be beaten out of their own field by amateurs, and that, when the time arrives, the professionals will have, in a great measure, to blame themselves. It need not be said that without amateurs the profession would decay for want of recruits. A great many of our present-day actors started as amateurs, and learned to walk before they tried to run. Well and good. I have not the smallest objection to any amateur actor who is working to qualify himself for the professional ranks. Indeed, I have no complaint to make against the swells who follow up amateur theatricals merely for the sake of amusement, and with no ulterior object of a more serious nature. All I want to do is, to point out to professional artists that when they consent to be patronized by the latter class, and reveal all they know of stage tricks, and of the little, but important, matters that go to ensure success, they are making smooth the way for, metaphorically speaking, the cutting of their own throats. Amateuism in recent years has taken big strides in many things, and in none more than in things theatrical. Where an amateur dramatic club was content with one or two performances in the winter months, it must now average quite a long list, which extends not through the winter only, but right along to the close of the London season, and the departure of "society" for mountain and sea. They draw a heap of money from the theatre proper; for they can always command large and fashionable audiences, no matter how familiar or stale the dish they may present. It isn't the piece the fashionables care about so much as to see how cousin Fred or brother Jack will acquit himself in it. —*Referee*.

A LETTER FROM HAMBURGH.

(To the Editor of the Vienna "Presse.")

SIR,—The German operatic season in London, as arranged for this year by Herr Hermann Franke, in conjunction with myself, came to an end on the 1st inst. At its conclusion, Herr Franke, as is now generally known, stopped payment, and put his affairs in bankruptcy. To avoid misconception, I feel bound, by enumeration of the annexed facts, to place the matter in its proper light. It was on the strength of an agreement made between us last year that Herr Franke and I determined to give German opera in London. By this agreement, Herr Franke alone was to bear all the pecuniary responsibility of the undertaking. In the first place, he supplied the orchestra, under the direction of Hans Richter, which he has had for five years in England, and which stands so high in public opinion. He further bound himself to rent an appropriate theatre, declaring his willingness to procure whatever was requisite, and meet the necessary expenses. Finally, the whole financial conduct of the enterprise devolved on him. I, on the other side, was, in conformity with our agreement, to undertake all the artistic arrangements. In return, Herr Franke was to give me a certain share of the profits, without any responsibility in case of a loss. The agreement has been carried out in all its details, with the sole exception that, in the case of a number of artists whose engagements I caused to be made out in our joint names, I subsequently bound myself to see their salaries duly paid. The result achieved artistically is well known, and was at the time duly appreciated by the entire press. The performances took place continuously with full houses, and the public displayed to the last a lively interest for an enterprise which was a new one of its kind. The financial result corresponded to the artistic result. The receipts were partly very good, and considerable sums flowed into Herr Franke's treasury. The fact of his declaring himself insolvent is to be explained only by what follows. As is now evident, Herr Franke went on an utterly wrong system. The renting of a whole house, at £800, as an office; the fitting-up of the same; expensive engagement of a large staff of clerks; and an irregular way of keeping his accounts, were the principal defects of this system. To this must be added that, by living in grand style, giving brilliant evening parties, &c., he incurred heavy private debts. When, during my stay in London, I remonstrated with him on one thing or the other, he endeavoured to pacify me by promises of a general nature, by referring to the very excellent pecuniary circumstances of his relatives, and the considerable amount of ready cash at his disposal. He succeeded the more easily, as, by our agreement, I did not feel justified in interfering with his mode of conducting financial matters. The inevitable result of all this mismanagement, thus concealed from me, has now come to pass. After the first payment of salaries in the season had been made, apparently without effort, by Herr Franke, he remained indebted to a part of the company for the salaries due at the end. I did not, of course, hesitate one moment, but by immediate payment satisfied the just claims of the artists engaged conjointly by him and myself. There are, therefore, no outstanding claims for salary against me. Herr Franke, on the other hand, made no attempt to satisfy anyone, except that he gave all the English orchestra cheques on a bank where he had no effects, so that, without more ado, they proved to be worthless. And yet it is as clear as day that at the time he must have had at his disposal no inconsiderable amount of ready means. Each of the last three performances brought in about 10,000 marks cash. Furthermore, he had succeeded in obtaining 8,000 marks, by borrowing that sum from Herr Karl Rosa, the manager, under a strict promise to pay it back out of a remittance made by me to ward off the catastrophe. Herr Franke had the remittance, but up to now has not repaid Herr Rosa the loan. Out of a sum of about 40,000 marks, however, which must have been the lowest amount in Herr Franke's possession at the end of the season, all the obligations of our operatic enterprise might have been discharged. As far as I can frame an estimate, instead of a deficit there ought to have been a considerable net profit. But Herr Franke called together by circular his business and private creditors, put his affairs, without rendering me any account, into liquidation, and, leaving the matter in the hands of a lawyer, went off with his family to some cool summer resort. I have a double reason for publishing the above truthful exposition of facts. In the first place, I would prevent an artistically and financially sound enterprise from being discredited by the business incompetency of one individual. In the next place, and this is for me far more important, I desire, above all things, not to see my reputation, gained before the eyes of the public by unceasing effort, jeopardized by the connection of my name with a failure due to some one else's fault. Both objects I trust to achieve by the foregoing simple explanation. Pray accept my thanks, and believe me to remain, &c.,

B. POLLINI.

Hamburg, July 14th.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The distribution of medals and awards of marks of distinction to the pupils of the London Academy of Music, by Sir Julius Benedict, took place on Saturday, July 22nd, when the occasion was distinguished by two well-sustained operatic performances from the students—namely, the first and third acts of Gounod's *Faust*, and two acts of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. In the former work the character of Marguerite was charmingly supported by Miss Lucy Carreras, a brilliant and promising young vocalist, distinguished as a recipient of one of the three medals presented by "the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts"; the other two being awarded to Miss Florence Waud, the eminent young pianist, already so highly distinguished in the concert-room, and Mr W. H. Burgon, vocalist, who admirably filled the rôle of Mephistopheles. Faust was cleverly impersonated by Mr C. E. Ellison (Gold Medalist), while Miss L. M. Browne as Marta, and Miss Elstob as Siebel, by their graceful acting and good vocalization, made the most of all that was allotted to them. The same interesting corps of performers, with the addition of Mr Reakes, acted and sung in Cimarosa's comic opera, winning well-deserved applause in every number. Miss Adelina Dinelli, violinist, Miss Salmon, pianist, and Mr C. Trew, harmonium, proved their good training and ability as the instrumentalists of the occasion. The highest honours the Academy has it in its power to bestow are the Diplomas of Associate, and these were conferred on Miss Emily Louis, Miss Edith Bros, and Miss Page. Dr Wylde, the Principal of the Institution, gave a short address to the students, and Sir Julius Benedict paid high compliments to the Academicians for the signs of progress and marked ability displayed. The performances, under the able direction of Signor Gustave Garcia, called forth expressions of unqualified satisfaction from a large and distinguished company.—*The Echo*.

SERENADE.*

(In the Operetta "A Story of Seville.")

Dark, dark, is the night, love,	Blest night breeze that plays, love,
Shine forth, 'twill be day;	O'er sweet lips; what bliss,
Howe'er bright the morn, love,	Could I, like that breeze, love,
Still night—thou away.	But steal one soft kiss.
Stars, moonlight, and sunshine,	Flowers sending upward
In thee all combine;	Their perfume to thee,
Thy smile is from Eden,	But say of Earth's blossoms
A sunbeam divine.	Thou queen art to me.

E'er pure in my soul, love,
Thine image shall dwell;
Each chord of my heart, love,
Vibrates to thy spell.
My love like the Ocean,
So deep is, and vast,
Not e'en can old Time, dear,
One shade o'er it cast.

* Copyright.

CARLEON.

OWING to a contusion of the knee, M. Vaucorbeil, manager of the Grand Opera, has been confined some days to his chamber.

IN a letter from Bayreuth, one of the patrons of the Wagner Theatre, writing about the first performance of Wagner's *Parisfal*, says: "Among the general audience the striking head of the Abbé Liszt, Wagner's father-in-law, was conspicuous."

MR HENRY IRVING will spend his well-earned holiday at Filey, near Scarborough. May the fresh sea-breezes invigorate and comfort him!

BERLIN.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's five-act opera, *Diana von Solange*, has been performed at Kroll's Theater and favourably received.—As the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater will shortly be handed over to the managers of the Deutsches, it will be necessary to find another home for operetta, of which the former has long been the head-quarters, and a new house is to be erected in the neighbourhood.

AUGUST WILHELMJ, after travelling round the world and remaining absent for nearly four years, has returned to Europe. He started in September, 1878, for New York, made various tours in the North and South of the States, besides visiting New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan, India, and Persia. From Persia he proceeded direct to England, avoiding Alexandria and Cairo, on account of the disturbed state of affairs in Egypt. The valuable collections Wilhelmj has formed during his travels will be kept in his house near Mosbach-Biebrich.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, &c.

We extract the following from a long letter addressed to the Editor of the *Manchester Courier*, by the well-known Professor, Saint Joule, of Rothsay:—

The Duke of Edinburgh has, I admit, shown by his patronage of Mr Sullivan a disposition more favourable to the subjects of her Majesty, and possibly his royal brothers may be equally well disposed, and, so far, the earnestness they have recently displayed does them infinite credit, although, in my opinion, it is in a wrong direction; and, judging from the reports of the meetings in furtherance of the object, I cannot say that they have been very fortunate in the persons their position has enabled them to enlist as nominal collaborators. The meeting at Manchester was graced by the presence of the Archbishop of the province and the Bishop of the diocese. The Archbishop cited as a proof that Church music was advancing in England the alleged fact that people in church were beginning to sing in parts. The Bishop seemed scarcely to know how to talk about the subject; but he is accredited with giving it as his private opinion that he could count all the good anthems of his Church on the fingers of one hand (so much for his acquaintance with the finest collection of Church music in the world); whilst a newly-created peer opined that the presence of Quaker John Bright would have added importance to a meeting, not political, but, presumably, musical. At the Mansion House the Mayor of Liverpool spoke the truth when he said "his city could not boast of any claim on behalf of music." At any rate, the "powers that be" in Cottonopolis exhibit little appreciation of the magnificent performances of their official organist, when they permit them to be constantly marred by the chronic state of unsatisfactoriness in which their fine organ is permitted to remain. * * * I would certainly advise intending subscribers to obtain an assurance that the professional chairs shall be filled by Englishmen. * * * But even supposing that the college meets all the requirements with regard to nationality, the question remains as to the expediency of establishing a new institution when we already possess all we want in the existing Academy. As I stated in my former letter, the Academy has already done good work, and would have done more had the finances permitted; and I may now add, would do more if royal patronage were vouchsafed in deed as well as in name. Besides, I doubt the advantage of establishing a rival institution. Hans von Bülow has recently written an article to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, in which he unmercifully protests against the "fungus-like growth of Conservatoires which has during the last fifteen years shot up all over Germany." * * * In conclusion, I must express my regret that the exertions now being put forth are directed to the establishment of a new institution, instead of to the augmentation of the resources and the extension of the usefulness of the old and well-tried Royal Academy of Music.—Yours, &c.,

B. ST J. B. JOULE.

"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In the very amusing article published in *The Era* of the 24th ult., entitled "Music Walled In," to which our attention has recently been called, the writer has, unwittingly no doubt, fallen into an error as to Mr Wall's royalty rights; and we wish most distinctly that it may be put on record he has no shadow of claim over two of the songs you refer to, viz., "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon" and "By the sad sea waves." We will ask the favour of your inserting this, as it becomes a very serious matter for publishers when it goes abroad that their publications, which are, in reality, perfectly free to every singer, are supposed to be fenced round with restrictions absolutely non-existent.—Faithfully yours,

METZLER and CHAPPELL.

37, Great Marlborough Street, July 13, 1882.

* * * * *

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—With reference to the letter signed "Metzler and Chappell," published in *The Era* dated the 15th inst., I beg to state that the sole liberty of representation or performance of the *words* (only) of the above-named song was, for a certain money consideration paid, duly assigned to me on the 26th October, 1880, by Mr George Wood (Messrs Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street), by entry made in the registry-book of assignments kept at the Hall of the Stationers' Company (in pursuance of the statute 5 and 6 Vic., cap. 45, section 13). The said right had been previously legally assigned to Mr Geo. Wood by Henry Fothergill Chorley (since deceased), the author of the words in question. By section 11 of the above-named statute, a copy, duly certified and impressed, of that entry shall be received

in evidence in all courts, and shall be *prima facie* proof of the assignment of the right of representation or performance "as therein expressed," subject to be rebutted by other evidence. By section 12 of the same statute it is enacted that any person who shall wilfully make any false entry in the said book shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and shall be punished accordingly. If Messrs Metzler and Chappell "deem themselves aggrieved" by the said entry, it is lawful for them (in pursuance of section 14 of the Act referred to) to apply for an order that such entry may be expunged or varied.

I can very well imagine that "it becomes a very serious matter for publishers" who have only purchased the sole and exclusive right of printing a song, but who have neglected to likewise buy the sole liberty of performance thereof, to find the sale of the same materially affected by the claims of the proprietor who has legally acquired the latter right. But "business is business." I never claimed any right in or to the other song mentioned in their letter.

HARRY WALL.

Copyright Office, 8, Colebrooke Row, July 17.

SCHEME

OF

MASTER MINASI'S
MORNING CONCERT,
ARGYLL ROOMS, REGENT STREET,
TUESDAY, June the 16th, 1829.
To begin at Half-past One.

PART I.

Overture (MS.)... First time of performance Blasis.
Duetto "Ricciardo che veggo" Rossini.
Mademoiselle BLASIS and Signor CURIONI.
Solo, Flute "God save the King" Drouet.
Master MINASI.
Duetto "Elisa e Claudio" Mercadante.
Signor DONZELLI and Signor ZUCHELLI.
Aria "Lungi dal caro bene" Pacini.
Mademoiselle BLASIS.
Duetto "Nel rivederti" Celli.
Mademoiselle SONTAG and Madame PISARONI.
Fantasia, Clarinet... Willman.
Mr WILLMAN.
Duetto "Se vi credete offeso" Generali.
Signor TORRI and Signor PELLIGRINI.
Variations de Bravoure, Piano-Forte, Sur le romance
de "Joseph" Herz.
Master C. SALAMAN (Pupil of Mr. Neate. His first appearance
in public in London.)

PART II.

Air varié, Flute Tulou.
Master MINASI (first time.)
Cavatina "Sorgi Ridente" (in the Barber of Seville.) Rossini.
Signor BORDOGNI.
Fantasia, Harp... Labarre.
Miss E. C. BARNES (her first appearance, and Pupil of Labarre.)
Duetto..... { "Se inclinassi a prender moglie" Rossini.
Italiana in Algeri
Signor DONZELLI and Signor GALLI.
Solo, Flute..... "Rule Britannia" Drouet.
Master MINASI.
Duetto Buffo..... "Se fiato in corpo avete" Cimarosa.
Signor GRAZIANI and Signor GIUBILEI.
Fantasia, Horn... Platt.
Mr PLATT.
Terzetto..... "Giuro alla terra" Generali.
Signor PIOZZI, Signor TORRI, and Signor GIUBILEI.

Leader—Mr MORI.

The coming operatic season at Hamburg will open with Glinka's *Life for the Czar*, Hans von Bülow, it is said, conducting.

Die Sieger.—Concerning this so-called new work by Wagner, of which so much has been written and published, the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, well-informed in matters of this kind, tells us "upon the best authority" that: "The Master gave the name of *Die Sieger* to a subject sketched out, more than twenty-five years ago, on a single page; since writing *Parsifal*, however, he abandoned his Buddhist scheme, and has never subsequently recurred to it."

THE OPERA SEASON.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Covent Garden Theatre has closed its doors, and the opera season of 1882 now belongs to the past. The question is, What has been gained or lost by it? This the managers will answer in their own way and from their own point of view, but even pecuniary results do not concern them alone. The public are also interested, and have every reason to desire that good fortune may reward enterprise, since thereupon hangs the fate of an entertainment the place of which nothing could fill. It is depressing to hear on all hands stories of evil fortune rather than good. Far from flourishing circumstances at Covent Garden, loss at Her Majesty's, and absolute disaster at Drury Lane; these things are spoken of so assuredly that the future of opera amongst us seems compromised. The lesson to be learned is this—the supporters of opera, Italian and German, are few, and appear to be getting fewer as, on the one hand, love for the higher forms of music is gratified by innumerable concerts, and, on the other, comic opera increasingly ministers to a public that craves amusement at the least possible trouble to itself. It has been demonstrated again and again that London will not support two lyric stages; how, then, could aught but failure attend the setting up of three, with a majority devoted to a form of German opera that requires in its supporters the faith of enthusiasts and the courage of martyrs? The managerial race is slow to learn, but the lesson of the present season can hardly be wasted, and will prove worth its pain and trouble, if therefrom the truth be perceived that the year contains twelve months, not three only, and that the so-called "season" has lost nearly all the operative value it once undoubtedly possessed. The time has come when this fiction of the "season" should be recognized as such, and the unquestionable fact admitted that London is neither empty nor specially indifferent to lyric drama between Goodwood races and Easter Monday. Let us then have our Italian opera in the summer, when butterflies are on the wing; our German opera in the sad and serious days of early winter; and our English opera, as Mr Carl Rosa now gives it to us, when the returning sun speaks of a brighter time.

The warmest friends of Italian opera must concede, with what cheerfulness they may, that its German rival has taken precedence during the last few months. Nor, while admitting the fact, can they dispute its reasonableness. Teutonic art came in a new aspect, offering works the very names of which are synonymous with a world-wide controversy notorious for uncompromising give-and-take. The Germans, too, conjured with the spell of a man, who, be his faults what they may, stands forth as the greatest musical genius of the age; while the advantages enjoyed at the outset were sustained, as time went on, by just repute for merit in execution. Against all this Italian opera, with its staler charms, could do little. The musical world talked of nothing but the *Nibelung's Ring*, the *Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*; Richter and his orchestra; the German ensemble and the German artists. *La Traviata* and *Il Trovatore*, *et hoc genus omne*, even with the renowned *prima donna* singing their best and loudest over the footlights, were for once deposed, thrust into a corner, and forgotten. We certainly do not complain of this result. It was inevitable, and from many points of view it was just. Here let us dissociate the matter of the German performances from their manner. No reader of ours will look for an expression of sympathy with the former; at the same time we are not about to re-open a controversy from which the restful autumn should bring as much repose as the unrelenting Wagner—whose *Parsifal* lies close ahead—is good enough to allow. Suffice it that, in common with the bulk of music-lovers, we pray to be delivered from such a season evermore.* All things decay. "Leaves have their times to fall, and flowers to wither at the North wind's breath;" and natural decay, ever pathetic, is often beautiful. But premature decrepitude is never lovely, nor are the means which tend to bring it about. Wherefore the less we have the better of a form of art subtly compounded to harass the nerves and weary the brain, to say nothing of exhausting the energies of those who are its ministers. The burden of life is crushing enough without making an additional load of that which should lighten it. For the spirit and manner of the German performances, however, there can be nought save admiration, and in these things lies their chief value to us. Among the more enlightened supporters of the lyric stage discontent with the absurd practices of Italian opera has long existed. They have seen the drama and all its appliances used as a frame for the portrait of a *prima donna*; they have seen persons purporting to be dramatic artists who were nothing but singers in fancy dress; and they have seen the most elementary rules of the stage violated either in simple ignorance or with wilful self-assertion. These offences have not been altogether hidden by the cloak of custom; but the German representations served to expose them utterly. Even the

Hear! Hear!—Dr Blidge.

untravelling amateur now knows what a truly artistic stage is like—that stage whose most gifted performer is but an upper servant of art, whose actors are not mere posturers, and whereon an earnestness prevails which overrides considerations of self, and reckons nothing done while anything remains to do. This model and ensample we distinctly owe to our Teutonic visitors, and it is for the public to require that it be followed on every lyric stage. Who can tell what great things rivalry of German discipline, thoroughness, and devotion might do for slipshod Italian opera? It might give new life and new charm to an entertainment which loose and inartistic habits have made vapid and profitless; and it would certainly abolish the wedding-guests who contemplate Lucia's madness with the equanimity of attendants at a lunatic asylum, the performers who bow themselves out of their parts and back again at every appeal of applause, and the bouquets, supplied by contract, which go round and round like a theatrical "army." The very possibility of this strengthens desire for the return of the Germans during some portion of the year, if not in the conventional "season," when society is merry-minded. Also it intensifies regret that their return has been endangered by circumstances which, we cannot help thinking, were mostly gratuitous. Had Herr Angelo Neumann charged a less exorbitant price for initiation into the mysteries of the *Ring*, and Herr Franke known better how to navigate the ship he rashly ventured to command, there would now, perhaps, be no question of wrecked enterprise and no uncertain outlook.

Regarding the season for what was actually achieved, its claim to rank as memorable cannot be disputed. It introduced to English audiences the most gigantic, if not quite the most enchanting, work of modern times; made us acquainted with the beauties of *Die Meistersinger* and the unqualified ugliness of *Tristan und Isolde*; gave us the earlier works of Wagner under conditions without parallel for completeness; revived the musical charm of Weber's *Euryanthe*; illustrated, in the matter of *Velleda*, the power that yet belongs to a *prima donna*; and, lastly, snatched from threatening neglect and forgetfulness the representative work of advanced Italian art. Of such a season we may rightly say, "'twill serve," the more because it was hardly less deserving of note as respects artists. The last few months made English amateurs acquainted with some of the best performers in Germany, whose names it is now needless to repeat, and set us face to face with an artistic spirit in them such as we had almost despaired of meeting on the lyric boards. Then it brought Madame Lucca back, by way, perhaps, of amend for withholding Madame Nilsson, and revealed in full measure Herr Richter's skill as an operatic conductor; to say nothing of other revelations equally significant affecting a knot of artists whom the management of Covent Garden thought good enough for that historic house. Lastly, the season has witnessed the transference of the interests of Italian opera from private hands to those of a public company, which may or may not know how to conserve them. Out of such a period of energetic action something must come. Force is not wasted. It may go away and miss the intended mark; but it strikes somewhere, and leaves an impress. We believe that the season of 1882 sowed the seeds of good. It showed us much to accept, and not a little to reject.

We wish we could see our way to the Utopia shadowed forth by our eloquent contemporary, no less earnestly than we wish we could share his opinion as to the value of the recent German performances. Unfortunately we can do neither. Nor can we bestow a single word of regret upon their utter failure in a pecuniary sense, if only because it is our honest conviction that two or three more such seasons would suffice to throw back legitimate musical appreciation in this country for well nigh half a century. Such a quantity of vapid bombast and baseless pretension in so short a space of time is happily without precedent.—D. B.

—o—

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

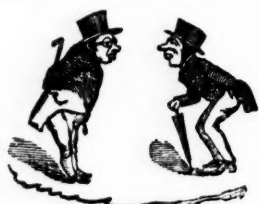
SIR,—I read in to-day's *City Press* that Mr Dicks, of the Common Council, at the meeting at the Guildhall on Thursday last, called attention to the fact that two members of the Musical Committee had appointed their own daughters (ladies just out of their teens) to be professors. In the discussion which followed it came out that each was receiving a salary, one £64, the other £51 per annum, while the average paid to other experienced professors was £50 per annum. I was pleased to see Mr Dicks' amendment ordering the proceedings to be enquired into carried, as this system of farming out appointments by officials is much to be condemned; and the gentleman, in exposing such a system, is entitled to the thanks of the musical profession generally.—Your obedient servant,

A PROFESSOR.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1882.



On Change.

DR QUINCE.—Who was Sir Epigonis, the King's son of Northumberland, cited by Dodinas le Savage in his letter to Sagamore le Desirous?

DR SHIPPING.—Epigonis? Epigonis? Epigonis?—he must have intended Epinogris—

DR QUINCE.—Epinogris—Epinogris—I see. Are you for Bayreuth?

DR SHIPPING.—I am going to ride there, with F. C. B., on his horse.

DR QUINCE.—Why, F. C. B. is crossing the Oxus. How can you get at him? And will his horse ride two?

DR SHIPPING.—Oh! A farmer has shown him the nearest route from Khiva, where his horse, familiar with the country, took him by mistake, and can easily ride two, being "circus." He (F. C. B.—not the horse) meets me by appointment at the Hotel de Russie—

DR QUINCE.—Frankfort-on-Maine? That genial hostelry? Why, I have promised to join Cheese and Doublebody there. I shall walk to Bayreuth with Doublebody, who can't get into any conveyance, wheel or steam. He's a heavy traveller, and so fat that, being inconvenienced by one of his ribs, has had it extracted. He has taken five Patron-stalls, Ebrew Jew stalls—Wagner's hottest patrons are for the most part Jews—four of which he will occupy himself. He calls me his fifth rib, why fifth I don't know, but am not curious, as it brings me to *Parsifal* gratis. If they ask for my ticket, Doublebody shows voucher for five, and passes me in as the rib for which there is no comfortable place in his body. "I cannot do without this rib"—says he, to all who protest, on the road or at the Theatre opposite the Asylum, now exclusively inhabited by deaf advocates of the Wagnerian system. "I cannot do without this rib, and I have paid for five places, on the road and at the Theatre opposite the Asylum," &c. This is Doublebody's argument; so that I go free of cost.

DR SHIPPING.—But if the hospitable and excellent Brothers Drexel (with whom Beattie the Adventurous is so well acquainted) feast Doublebody, as of yore, it will be hard to get that Alderman away. He will abide corpulently at the hotel until transfigured. How about Cheese?

DR QUINCE.—Dr Cheese has engaged to travel with W. of W. Sir Pittman of the Coal-Mine, who encounters them at Bamberg, can put Cheese in his pocket; so that there will be only expenses for two. Besides, if, as in the first Bayreuthiad, the Niblung year, refreshment is out of hand, they may cook him. He will last out three days of *Parsifal*.

DR SHIPPING.—Alas! poor Cheese. (Exeunt severally.)

THE Carl Rosa tour is to begin at Dublin on the 5th prox.

MR JOHN BOOSEY'S London Ballad Concerts will be resumed on the 29th.

MR ARTHUR CHAPPELL begins earlier than usual this season with his Popular Concerts. The first concert is fixed for the 16th of October.

THE sacred excerpts from an unfinished work by the late Balfe, to be performed on the occasion of uncovering the tablet dedicated to his memory in Westminster Abbey, comprise a "Gratias ago" in B flat, for bass, a "Sanctus" in B flat minor, and an "Agnus Dei" in F. The ceremony will be held on the 20th of October, the anniversary of his death.

EXOTIC AND INDIGENOUS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—M. Gounod gets £4,000 for his *Redemption*. How much did Mendelssohn get for *Elijah* (which, despite the "Advanced," still exists hale and hearty)? And how much did our English Handel, Macfarren (whose three oratorios are of recent days among the masterpieces of sacred music) get for his *Resurrection*? A very moderate sum (if I am rightly informed) was the recompense for *Elijah*; while for the *Resurrection* its happy composer was content (if I am informed rightly) with the disbursement of railway and hotel expenses, the receipts for which he joyfully bore home and placed among his family archives.—Sir, yours obediently,

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

P.S.—By the way (if rightly I am informed), Sir Michael Costa was paid a large sum for his *Eli*, and a still larger for *Naaman*, both long since of world-wide celebrity, and (if informed I am rightly) he handed over his honorarium in either instance to the Birmingham General Hospital. Also (if rightly informed I am) Sterndale Bennett, for the *Woman of Samaria*, obtained the thanks of the Committee, and Julius Benedict, for *St Peter*, was cordially embraced by Mr Oliver Mason.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR MACFARREN.

To the Right Hon. The Earl of Devon, President of the Western Counties' Musical Association.

MY LORD,—I have, as a member of the Western Counties' Musical Association, been honoured with an invitation to the meeting in Exeter convened by your Lordship for Tuesday the 25th inst., but, since my duties here render my presence on that occasion impossible, I have been favoured with an assurance from the Secretary that my written views on the subject shall be read to the meeting, and I therefore trouble your Lordship with this letter.

I will, if you please, remark on some of the clauses of the paper headed "Royal College of Music," which was sent me with the summons for Tuesday.

Clause I. The Royal Academy of Music is a central institution of a similar nature to the Conservatories of Paris and Vienna, differing from both as they differ from each other, according to the character and requirements of each nation. It is now entering on the 60th year of its experience. It has been honoured with the patronage of King George IV., King William IV., Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria, the late Prince Consort, and all the present members of the Royal Family. It received a charter from the first of these sovereigns, which established its perpetual existence. It has educated several thousands of musical students, including many foreigners—composers, singers and instrumentalists—who have won European celebrity. Teachers, moreover, who are rendering good service to music in all parts of the empire have been pupils of the Academy.

Clause II. Every branch of the art is taught in the Royal Academy of Music, and the most eminent musicians, foreign and native, resident in England during the last 60 years have been its professors.

Clause III. The Royal Academy of Music has several free scholarships, the number of which is always open to extension, but the majority of its pupils pay fees for instruction.

Clause VI. The Academy is situated in a locality easily accessible from all parts of London and the suburbs, proximate to the chief concert-rooms, opera-houses, music-stores, &c., and therefore more convenient for the purpose than any place on the outskirts of London.

Clause IX. Candidates for admission to the Academy are examined as to musical aptitude, and only accepted if they show promise of success in the study.

Clause XII. The Academy not only teaches its own pupils, but holds such examinations throughout the country as test the capabilities of musical students and the efficiency of their instructors. It also examines musical artists and teachers by the aid of specialists in each branch, and grants to approved candidates diplomas guaranteeing their ability.

Clause XIII. The management of the Academy has, since 1868, been confided to a committee mainly composed of professional musicians; and highly as the Institution was esteemed before that

date, public confidence in its work has prodigiously increased from the time when it was controlled by recognized adepts.

It has been stated to the Lords of the Privy Council, in reply to their Lordships' application for remarks on the proposed Royal College, that the Academy, while grateful for the interest in music evinced by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is willing to meet the views of His Royal Highness in any way except in surrendering its charter, which charter is so elastic in its nature as to admit of any amplification or modification of Academy work, and this reply has been communicated to His Royal Highness.

Allow me to say, my Lord, that these comments on the subject to be considered by the meeting are offered in the character of a former student and present subscriber to the Royal Academy of Music, and proceed personally from myself without any official bearing.—I have the honour to be, my Lord, obediently yours,

G. A. MACFARREN.

7, Hamilton Terrace,
21st July, 1882.

PARSIFAL.

(By Telegram from a Correspondent.)

Bayreuth, Wednesday, July 26.—First performance of *Parsifal* just over. That it was a "Patron's" performance could not be doubted. It was all patronage. Everybody was patronized. Even the Patrons themselves were patronized. Upon some of them the venerable Canon Liszt, chasing away sleep at the end of each act, bestowed a pallid smile of recognition. I am a Patron, but, though also an American, not a sworn apostle, not a Wagnerite to the big toe of either foot—not, in short, a Theodor Thomas. Well, I have heard *Parsifal* and don't like it—can't like it—impossible that I ever shall like it. *Parsifal*'s son, Lohengrin, is worth tenfold Lohengrin's father, *Parsifal*. Then, after reading what you said some time ago, I was awfully disappointed with *Kundry*. Her "Leit-motive" is queer; so is *Parsifal*'s.

[These asterisks represent a gap in the telegram. It continues as below.]

* * * Materna, admirable as always for intelligence, but physically unfit for the part of *Kundry*. Winckelmann, as *Parsifal*, all that could be wished, though the character is but a spoony one after all. The other * * * *

[Here a second gap.]

* * * * performance generally good, though chorus comparatively weak. Scenery and stage-business excellent—panorama ingenious and superb—orchestra, under Levy of Munich, very fine, but Levy is no Richter—Theatre crammed—Many English and Americans—After opera, speech from Wagner, proposing vote of thanks to the artists. V. W.

THE Queen of French pianists, Montigny-Rémaury, has been invited to take part in the grand musical solemnity to be held at Baden, on the 9th September, in honour of the Grand-Duke. (Honour on both sides.)

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examiners at the Royal Academy of Music, for the Charles Lucas Medal, awarded to William G. Wood, were Messrs Thorne, Villiers Stanford, and E. Aguilar.

THE opera comica which Sig. Schira is writing, in conjunction with Mr Desmond L. Ryan, is intended, we understand, for a good-humoured "skit" on certain peculiarities of the Wagner school. The opera is to be entitled *The Isle of Beauty*.

MDME MINNIE HACK, who has been spending a holiday at the Schwarzwald Hotel, in the environs of the Black Forest, has returned to Baden Baden, where she is to sing at a concert for the benefit of the English Church. She is the guest of her old friend the Baronne de Witzleben.

Mr W. H. Holmes played Sidney Gardiner's new composition, "Bitter-sweet," at Mr Diemer's concert, Bedford, last Saturday, where it produced the same effect as at Miss Stodart's concert, the previous week, in London.

The Rhenish Singers' Festival, on the 9th inst. at Bonn, was very successful. Two compositions: "Die Hexe," by Carl Grammann, and "Der Königsohn," by Haan, were the "novelties," although, a correspondent informs us, there was nothing new in either.

Parsifal.

A STAGE-CONSECRATIVE-FESTIVAL-PLAY.*

A LECTURE TO THE TUMBENHEIM WAGNER ASSOCIATION.†

(A small hall, simply furnished. In the background a bust of Wagner, with a figure of Germania holding a laurel-wreath over it. A plain tribune. Behind the Speaker, but invisible to all, is seated Common Sense, slumbering.)

Honoured companions in art, one of the latest decrees of our Master commands us to further in our secret confederacy, by means of lectures, German intellect, German poetry, German music, or, to sum up all in one word, the cause of Richard Wagner himself. Obedient to this high order, and following also my own impulse, I appear before you for the purpose of saying a few words on *The Master's* most recent creation. Let us first stop a little to consider the title. Our Master calls the work a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*. A genial title! (*Bravo! bravo!*) I will go further and say: A title full of promise! (*Hear, hear.*) If you look through his writings, our Symbolic Books, you will find in them the avowal that he himself never really knew what he ought to call his works—that the father was always anxiously embarrassed about the names he should give his children at the font; they could not well be designated operas, "especially on account of their dissimilarity with *Don Juan*" (*loud applause and merriment*); and *Music-Drama*—an expression which comes so pat to the more immature among us—is an unintelligible, nay, "utterly idiotic" word, altogether uncharacteristic of stage-works, which are neither dramatic in the common acceptance of the term, nor vulgarly musical. But it was *indispensable* that they should be entered under some name or other in the civil register of everyday art, if only to distinguish them from the common operative rabble, and—I now quote *The Master's* own words—"in order to issue vigorously, and once for all, from the confusion hence arising, I hit, as is well known, upon the idea of the *Stage-Festival-Play*." *The Master* appears to have chosen the title reluctantly, simply to comply with custom; he would have preferred leaving his creation unlabelled, that it might, as "a nameless artistic fact," work in complete purity, for his art is really unnameable, an Art of the Nameless. But, thank Heaven, he changed his mind: the same thought which gave birth to the expression, "*Stage-Festival-Play*," created likewise the *Stage for the Festival-Play*, that is, the art-temple of Bayreuth, and we may well say here: The title built the temple. But I now ask, Why should not a new temple spring from a new title? (*Hear, hear.*) *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*! What is a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*? A *Festival-Play* to consecrate a stage. What stage? That in Bayreuth? Impossible. The stage in Bayreuth is already consecrated, trebly consecrated; besides, it would no longer be capable of satisfying the increased demands on the machinist and the scene-painter. Then it must be another stage, which does not yet exist, and which has still to be built, must it not? Yes, my honoured companions in art, that is the secret which slumbers in one word; that is the Gospel which one word announces to us; as a coat was once composed to a button, and an opera tacked on to a funeral march, a house will in this case, believe me, be built for a title; not a common thoroughfare of a house; as in Bayreuth, open to all the world and to be entered by those without a call as well as by the elect, but a carefully closed temple, thoroughly secured, a true Graal-fortress on the hill of Monsalvat, the jealously guarded hill accessible only to the true brethren, friends of the first degree, the elect of our lord and master. (*Commotion.*) In strict confidence I can inform you, gentlemen, *The Master* has already thought of the Kuhberg near Tumbenheim in connection with the object he has in view. (*Indescribable and long-continued storm of applause.*)

Parsifal—(a fresh outburst of applause)—*Parsifal*—(*Bravo*,

* It may be objected that "*Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*" is a strange title. I reply: It is. So is "*Bühnenweihfestspiel*." It may further be objected that "*Consecrative*" is an odd word. Again I reply: It is. I must, however, be allowed to add that Herr Richard Wagner is an author who at times does not content himself with ordinary German, and that I am compelled, in consequence, to use occasionally extraordinary English, if I would convey any notion of his style, which is, to say the least, peculiar. Perhaps some persons would, instead of the title I have adopted, prefer "*Stage-Consecrational Festival-Play*." If so, let them mentally substitute the one for the other, as occasion requires. "*Consecrational*" is certainly somewhat more uncouth than "*consecrative*," besides setting the usual rules of etymology glaringly at defiance. For this reason, I cannot deny that, under the circumstances, it commands respectful consideration. To another epithet, "*consecrational*," however, I demur. It is formed with too great a regard for the hindrum spirit of language.—TRANSLATOR.

† From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

‡ Kein Durchhaus.

bravo). May I beg you to be calm, gentlemen, and to favour me with your entire attention? I have not yet got over the title of the new work. It is "Parsifal," with an "F," and not "Parcival," with a "V." The F is, philologically and aesthetically, of immense importance, and a word, or at least a fragment of a word as large as Arabia, lies between the two letters. The worthy Wolfram von Eschenbach writes "Parcival," as though he would derive the word from the French *percer* ("In truth thy name is Parcival. It means *right through the middle*"), and the French write "Parcival," or, after Chrétien de Troyes, "Percheval, the Valley-Piercer." In the Italian chronicles the famous knight is called "Peredur," the All-sweetest, the All-fairest; and many other versions and interpretations of the word might be adduced, if it were worth while reviving an etymological dispute which has been definitely settled by Richard Wagner. Even Lessing—(at this name *Common Sense wakes up and listens*)—could not imagine anything more delightful for curiosity than the study of etymology, in which German philologists, and consequently *The Master*, have always distinguished themselves; and in connection with this point I must beg you kindly to bear in mind that he himself, the great Wagner, tells us (*Symbolische Bücher*, Vol. IX.) that his favourite teacher at the Dresden Kreuzschule did not bid him take to music, poetry, or any other art, but "pointed emphatically to philology as the subject I ought to pursue." That teacher was evidently a very clever man. Philology, like learned gout, sticks in *The Master's* limbs, and is transmitted, like a disease of the blood, to the offspring of his fancy. It is in an enchanted garden that Parsifal meets the beautiful Kundry; she is reposing on a flowery couch, "in lightly-veiling, fanciful garments, approximating to the Arabian style." Does she, amid billing and cooing, does she give the stranger anything for himself? Yes, an etymological hypothesis:

"Dich nannst' ich, thö'rger Reiner,

'Fal parsi!'"

Dich, reinen Thoren: 'Parsifal.'**

Fal parsi, Parsi fal—both expressions are in turned commas—(*Common Sense tickles the Speaker*)—and we may perhaps inquire whether *The Master* will find the suitable musical expression for turned commas. The answer cannot, however, be doubtful. Fal parsi, Parsi fal—these words, as the lovely woman teaches us—come from the Arabic, and signify, Foolish Pure-One, Pure Fool. Thus the dispute as to the meaning of our knight's name is settled in a genial fashion by *The Master's* philology—(*Common Sense pinches the Speaker*). Ill-conditioned individuals will object that this piece of philology does not in any way belong to *The Master*, but to the celebrated Görres, who certainly was the first to attempt explaining by means of the Arabic the hero's name—Parsi or Parch Fal, that is, the pure, or poor Stupid-One, or *Tunbe* (the Imprudent-One, the Inexperienced-One)—in Wolfram's language. The geniality of the thing does not, however, consist in the happy etymological discovery, but in its dramatic application, and in the fact that philology now gains additional value for the German stage, since it has been included by Richard Wagner in the circle of the sister arts.

Parsifal—gentlemen, I cannot yet tear myself from the deeply significant title—Parsifal, I say, the Poor Stupid-One, is evidently not a mere name; it is a notion, a symbol, an allegory. Vilmar, who, by the by, like Gervinus, like Uhland, like San Marte, and like many others, writes "Parcival," and appears to have only a presentiment of the deep meaning of the Arabic F, teaches us that the young hero appears as a fool to the world, just as on its first appearance in the world the German mind does. Parcival is, therefore, the representative of the German mind, and of the German youth, and so, gentlemen, Wagner's Parsifal, also, strikes me as the representative of a German youth in general and the Wagnerian youth in particular. (*Bravo!*) I will go further, and say: Parsifal is Richard Wagner himself. Yes, the criminal hero, who wanders through the forest, and shoots the gently warbling birds on the branches, is none other than our *Master*, and, if any one doubts this, I say to him: Wagner's hero does not know what his name is, and to all questions as to who he is generally, replies with a stupid "I do not know"; he calls himself the Nameless —; is it, therefore, not palpable, gentlemen, that in Parsifal *The Master* intended to personify himself and his art, the art of the Nameless? The thing appears to me as clear as day, and, when any one in future asks you the meaning of the variously interpreted word, answer boldly, Gentlemen: "Parsifal is the idiotic Wagner, and his idiotic art." (*Commotion.*)

* "Thee did I name, thou foolish Pure-One,

'Fal parsi!'"

Thee, pure fool: 'Parsifal.'"

† "Turned commas;" in German: "Gänsefüsse," literally, "Geese's feet."

Now to the real purport of the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play. (*Common Sense, henceforth, plagues the Speaker every instant.*)

Respected companions in art, you are all aware that Richard Wagner writes no common dramas. Drama means action, and Stage-Festival-Play means a dream. *Parsifal*, like some other productions, moves in the romantically sultry, and soporific atmosphere, in which the foot forgets how to walk, and the arm how to raise itself; literally nothing happens; the dramatic element is solved by scenery, and the action by pictures; never is he who enjoys the treat rudely awakened from his dreamy devotion, nor exposed to the risk of forgetting the artist in the work of art, and, while in every other case movement is regarded as the vital principle of the stage, we are justified in declaring that principle here to be inertia. It is an uncommonly fine trait of *The Master* that he allows a work of such a kind, that he allows his *Parsifal*, to begin with sleeping, slumbering, and, perhaps, dreaming. A locality resembling "in character the northernly mountain ranges of Gothic Spain;" in it a forest, "shady and earnest, but not gloomy;" under the trees, Knights and Squires *asleep*; the solemn morning waking call of the trombones resounding behind the scenes. This is the first picture in *Parsifal*. Every touch of the pencil betrays the hand of *The Master*, and demonstrates his incredible skill in creating mood. How much I should like, on this occasion, to analyse the powerful effects *The Master* is accustomed to produce when he shows the spectators an empty stage (for a stage with the characters asleep must in a certain sense be denominated empty), or causes the music of invisible instruments to re-echo in the ears of the audience! Each is a morbid but effective over-irritation of our fancy, and we might deduct from it an entire art-theory, which is no other than the theory of the Empty and Invisible. But time presses, and we must hasten forward.

The Sleepers awake and prepare a medicinal bath for the sick Graal-King, Amfortas. The latter is unhappily sleepless from "*Starkem Bresten*,"† and his pains keep returning, each time more "*schrend*"‡ than before. According to Wagner, who here differs essentially from Wolfram, the King once set out to "*beheeren*"§ with his spear—the same with which the side of Him upon the Cross was pierced—the magician Klingsor, but was by him entrapped, deprived of his "wond-wonderful" spear, and, with a wound which will not heal, sent home. His pain is great, but, in the bath, it is mitigated: "*staunt das Weh*."¶ He goes through the same thing on the day in question. Scarcely, however, has he had the bath, ere there arises a great noise: Parsifal, an unknown youth, has penetrated unobserved into the forest, and shot with his bow a swan, as it was just flying over the Sacred Lake. Hereupon, rage and indignation among the Knights and Squires. But a reconciliation speedily follows, how or wherefore I do not know, and Gurnemanz, in *Parsifal* an old Knight of the Graal, offers to conduct the Pure Fool to the Graal. A changing scene takes them up Monsalvat to the Graalsburg. You must know that, while they *seem* to be walking, the stage is gradually transformed, and unrolls the whole road from the forest to the castle in changing pictures before you. By *The Master* this abiding of the characters in the moving space is thus rendered evident:

PARSIFAL.—*Ich schreite kaum—doch wähn' ich mich schon weit.*

GURNEMANZ.—*Du siehst, mein Sohn, zum Raum wird hier die Zeit.***

I would, however, my respected auditors, advise you not to rack your brains about this genial inversion of two such opposite notions; it is enough to drive one crazy—(*murmurs*)—I mean, you might lose your senses with admiration. Time here becomes space.—"Hence the wearisomeness of his music," said an enemy of *The Master's*. (*Agitation.*)

† "Severe bodily suffering." *Brest*, from which *Bresten* comes, is an antiquated word, rarely used at the present day.—TRANSLATOR.

§ "Hurtful." "*Schrend*" is another antiquated word, fished up out of the Past to give a colouring of the period to the text, and puzzle the less philologically accomplished among the "*Master's*" adherents.—TRANSLATOR.

¶ "To be-host," "to be-army," i.e., I suppose, "to make war on." It strikes me that *Beheeren* is a special coinage of the Wagnerian mint.—TRANSLATOR.

¶ "The pain is motionless with astonishment," a poetic Wagnerianism, probably, for "the pain stops." With regard to the expression "wond-wonderful," a couple of lines previously, it is a faithful rendering of "*wund-wunder*," which I take to be a Wagnerism signifying "very," or "supremely wonderful."—TRANSLATOR.

** PARPISAL.—I scarcely step, yet I fancy I have already gone far.
GURNEMANZ.—Thou seest, my son, time here becomes space.

Stopping still, and yet advancing, we reach then the splendid domed-hall of the Graalsburg. Again does the Invisible play a principal part. Behind the stage, trombones are sounding and bells pealing; behind the scenes, half-way up 'twixt ground and dome, are heard youths', and behind the scenes, from the loftiest part of the hall, boys' voices; while, lastly, behind the scenes, from the extreme back, comes the sepulchral voice of Titurel, who is 500 years old, admonishing his son Amfortas to perform his sacred office. The poor, sickly King has to unveil the Graal; but the sight of the wonderful vessel, in which the blood of the Redeemer was once caught, renews his vitality, and with it his sufferings. Amfortas yearns for release and death; he would fain sleep, rest, die, in order that the "heaving wave of his own sinful blood" might not continually flow back "in mad flight" to his heart, and "discharge itself with wild fear into the world of sinful passions." But the invisible Titurel commands, and Amfortas must obey. The Graal is unveiled. Suddenly we have profound twilight, spreading out thicker and thicker, and traversed by dazzling rays; the sacred goblet glowing with bright purple colour; all on their knees in pious prayer; song of the invisible boys—"Receive my blood, receive my body"; blessed sigh of joy from the invisible Titurel—"Oh holy transport, how brightly does the Lord greet us to-day!" . . . Then again daylight, pealing of bells, solemn repast of the knights, songs of the youths from the middle elevation, alternating with those of the boys of the greatest elevation—"Blessed in belief! Blessed in love!" Finally, the day again dying away, all splendour and all magnificence again sinking into twilight, while Knights and Squires, amid the strains of the trombone, quit the hall; then, night and fog, a mystic I-know-not-what, a mysterious Nothing. Such, gentlemen, is the wondrous picture with which *The Master* terminates his first act. Nothing like it has probably ever been seen before on our stage. The most solemn ceremony of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of Sacraments, the Lord's Supper, is by Wagner degraded—I beg your pardon—elevated into a highly theatrical effect, and employed scenically so happily, that the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play might be quite as well performed in St Peter's as in the Theatre of the Future, on Monsalvat, near Tumbenheim. And the clare-obscure which *The Master* has diffused over the whole, the longing change, as I may term it, between light and fog, the glowing and paling, the shining and waning, the lamentation and jubilation, the "pain of most blessed enjoyment," to use his own words—how all this will please the ladies, how it will the German lady, "that monster of European civilization and Christianly-Germanic stupidity"—(hisses)—gentlemen, the definition belongs to the great Schopenhauer, *The Master's* favourite philosopher. (*Commotion*). By the way, I recollect opportunely the admonition which Gurnemanz, at the end of our first act, addresses to Parsifal to help him along on his road: "Leave for the future the swans here alone, and, being a gander, seek out for thyself a goose!" We will leave our ladies, the lovely swans, alone, and simply inquire why poor Parsifal is called a gander. Why? Just because, to the question "Dost thou know what thou sawest?" he answered by a slight shake of the head. This is a strange, though deeply significant enfeebling of the motive in the original saga. A prophetic writing once appeared before the sick Amfortas at the Graal: When a knight one day comes and, unchallenged, asks the reason of the King's sufferings and other things, the King will recover, but the inquirer will be Graal-King in his stead. Parsifal comes, and does not ask. Hence the continuance of the royal malady; hence the vexation of the Knights of the Graal; and hence the subsequent edict that the latter are not to be molested by worldly curiosity. Because the absence of a question had occasioned such extensive mischief, the putting of questions generally was to be prohibited in future. Compare with this *Lohengrin*. To render more intelligible the action of the latter opera—(murmurs)—of this—that—nameless work, *The Master* should have taken from old Wolfram the leading motive of the question. His doing so would have rendered Parsifal's fault, Gurnemanz's vexation, and the justification of the peculiar Wagnerian term of reproach, "Gander," somewhat clearer. But this, perhaps, was the very thing which, for profoundly significant reasons, had to be avoided. The Unnameable and the Invisible are properly mated with the Obscure.

Honoured brothers in belief, *Parsifal* is a mystery dripping with the oil of Catholic faith in miracles. Its purport is over-poweringly religiously-immoral. (*Oh, oh!*) Please understand me aright. I say religiously-immoral, because *The Master* had necessarily to oppose to the first act a second; to Gothic Spain, Arabian Spain; to the Graal, Klingsor's magic mirror; to Christianity, Paganism; and to longing religion, religious longing. All this we find done in the second act, which passes in the enchanted castle and in the enchanted garden of the necromancer, Klingsor. This is the real scene of Parsifal's heroic deeds, which, however,

are of a purely negative nature. Parsifal, you must know, has to prove his coyness in a warm passage of arms with a remarkable female, the Kundry already named. If he conquers, he is to be the Graal-King. It may easily be supposed, however, that his task will not be easy. In this particular we may rely upon *The Master*. In the first place, a whole hell of wildly-yearning and appropriately-undressed maidens are let loose on the poor Stupid, who, however, while beholding the "beautiful Devildom," preserves a model coldness. The maidens endeavour to fascinate him, and dispute who shall have him: "Leave the boy alone! he belongs to me!—No!—No!—To me!—To me!—Come, fair boy, let me bloom for thee! My amorous efforting is meant for your ecstatic recreation!—Take me to thy breast! Let me kiss thy mouth!—No! me! I am the loveliest!—No, I! I am more sweetly fragrant! . . . Are you a coward with women? . . . Wilt not trust me? . . . Give place! See, he wants me!—No, me!—Me rather!—No, me!—Let him be ours!—No, ours!—No, mine!—And mine!—Here! Here!" All this is tolerably mild; nay, it often seems as though a genuinely poetic fragrance breathed on us from out the lovely floral throng. But this is not the worst ordeal to which our hero's virtue is subjected. In the midst of the amorous chase Kundry's voice is heard, and the fair phantoms vanish. Poor Parsifal! you have now to combat with and overcome "of most fearful impulses the hellish pressure." For thy purity there is nothing more dangerous than Kundry's beauty. That extraordinary virgin merits nearer consideration. We met her in the first act, where, wonderfully hideous—staring black eyes are expressly specified—she figured as a messengeress of the Graal, that is, she was in the service of the Most Holy; while in the second act she appears, wonderfully beautiful—slightly-veiling garments are expressly specified—as the maid of the Arabian sorcerer, Klingsor, that is to say, she is in the service of the Most Unholy. Kundry the *sorviere* and Kundry the beautiful, both of whom are known to you from Wolfram's *Parzival*, seem here to be combined in one person; and from this combination there has sprung a peculiarly duplicate being, creating Good and Evil, suspended in fear between Christianity and Paganism, an angel with a devil's face, a devil with an angel's form, something in the style of a female Faust, or Faust and Mephistopheles combined, or—Heaven knows what, for it is really difficult, gentlemen, to solve this riddle by one's own unaided skill. We must wait till the key is sent us from Bayreuth. An unspeakably profound meaning strikes me as lying in the circumstance that Kundry suffers from what seems an incurable affliction of convulsive laughter. "I saw—Him—Him—and—laughed . . ." she says to the Pure Fool, to whom she laments that, since she gazed laughingly on Him (the Redeemer, as it would appear) she has been condemned to everlasting laughter. "There I laugh—laugh—and cannot weep; only scream, rave, bluster, rage, in the continually-renewed night of madness." It is to be hoped that the explanation of these significant fits of laughter also will be shortly despatched to us from Bayreuth. Ought Kundry to be regarded as the incarnation of the Wagnerian world-view, of Schopenhauerish pessimism? Or does the laughter symbolize *The Master's* opinion of the attacks of his enemies, or even the behaviour of his worshippers? Kundry, by the way, is called likewise the *Nameless* "prime-deviless, rose of hell!" Enough: it is certain that a profound meaning slumbers in this extraordinary and obscure double being. That it should awake and be plain to us, necessitates its receiving from above a call to do so. May *The Master* very soon delight us by uttering that call.

Kundry laughs, my respected friends now present, she laughs—laughs—laughs—and this laughter of hers strikes me as of the highest significance, not only in an artistically philosophical, but also in a musically dramatic sense. Laughter is a natural sound, gentlemen, and this laughter, this natural sound, is really Kundry's usual speech; she despises words formed of letters, and sentences built up of words; at least, she is mostly contented with abrupt words, emitted with difficulty, words scarcely worth more than simple natural sounds, as, for instance, in the first act, when, while asleep, she floats off from the Graalsburg to Klingsor's enchanted castle, and slumbers over (a favourite motive with Wagner) from Christianity to Paganism: "Sleep, sleep—I must!" or, in the second act, when to Klingsor's vain boasting that his castle is a much more agreeable habitation than the Graalsburg, she replies, roughly and disjointedly, "Ah!—ah! Deep night! Madness! Oh!—Rage!—Oh!—Sorrow!—Sleep! Sleep—Deep sleep!—Death!" But, as I have already said, Kundry's favourite idiom is the natural sound, the Inarticulated, and it strikes me as extraordinarily instructive to peruse here the carefully prescribed directions of *The Master*, and measure by them the demands he makes upon the

representative of Kundry. In the first act, a rough voice, a simple laugh, a dull scream, and a violent trembling suffice. The last, namely, the violent trembling, is a gradation to be particularly observed, and neither more nor less than characteristic of *Parsifal*, where it is peculiar, and, so to say, endemic to all the personages; the phenomenon generally commences with a long "Torpidity," which gradually passes into a state of intense "Agitation," and, lastly, degenerates into the said "violent trembling," just as though behind every personage there were stationed a keeper, charged, at given moments, to "seize" the patient, and shake him till all his limbs writhed and twisted with the sacred *tremor*.

In the second act, the demands made upon the representative of Kundry increase after a wonderful fashion. The simple laugh and the dull scream are no longer enough. At the very commencement of the act, Kundry utters a fearful scream; she has next to indulge in "plaintive howling" of the greatest violence, graduating down to an anxious whine; then she has to laugh again either "shrilly" or "with a weird expression," and, lastly, "to fall into a more and more ecstatic laugh, finally changing into a spasmodic cry of woe." Fancy this convulsive figure, these hysterics in human shape, struggling to overcome Parsifal's virtue. At this conjuncture, she commands, it is true, some connected words, but what words! Words of unspeakable "shame-lustful," sensual heat, as suggested by orgiastic madness, and expressed in the infernal intoxication of sin. What is otherwise feeling is here caricatured into conspicuous desire, and what is otherwise passion, to convulsions. Poor Percival does not know whether he is on his head or his heels. "Oh!—Torment of love!—How everything shudders, vibrates, and quivers in sinful yearning!" But the Devil cannot master him; he merely passes, as it were, the hot tips of his fingers over the youth's skin, awakening simultaneously with evil desire the "horribly slight" recollection of the holy vessel, the Redeemer, the Saviour, God: "the ecstasy of redemption, divinely mild, permeates far and wide all souls." What did I say, gentlemen? (*Common Sense shakes the speaker violently. Agitation among the audience.*) I characterized the mystery as religiously-immoral. Well, you see that the "ecstasy of redemption" and "the most fearful movement of hell-like impulse" here meet in the same shudder. But, gentlemen, the mingling of religion and lewdness is not enough! This *Baster* absolutely dares to defile a feeling sacred even to brute-beasts, dares to talk of maternal love and carnal love in one and the same breath; dares to confound the endearments of a mother with the caresses of a—harlot. Ah! This Wagner is indeed a bold and daring man! (*Great applause and great hissing.*) Do you deny what I say, gentlemen? Just listen how Kundry reminds the hero, Parsifal, of the love of his father, Gamuret, for his mother, Herzeleid: "*Learn to know the love which enveloped Gamuret when Herzeleid, burning with love, scorchingly inundated him. . . . She offers you to-day, as the last greeting of her maternal blessing, the first—kiss of love.*" It is true that anyone whose fancy has revelled in the spasmodic dual song of Tristan and Isolde and the incestuous scenes of *Die Walküre*—(*Increasing tumult.*) . . . Oh, gentlemen, your uproar will not hinder me from frankly speaking my mind—I am tired of constraint, and rejoice that my understanding is once more free—it is scandalous, I say, it is infamous, and it is shameful in us to wish to accustom our wives, sisters, and daughters to contemplate such filthy pictures without blushing crimson—nay, to regard them as the expression of the noblest poetry, while we take care anxiously to protect them from any book written with more than usual freedom, and despising the rules of drawing-room decorum. But no; you are right; *Parsifal* is indeed extremely moral; the hero's virtue withstands the pressure put upon it, and his purity is saved. You will, however, grant me that, on the modern stage, the danger at which virtue and purity have to tremble has never had so glaring a light cast upon it, and that never was so libidinous a game played with chastity. (*Immense and increasing tumult.*) Shout, rave, bawl, just as you like, gentlemen! The most you will do will be to hinder me from telling you any more about the story of *Parsifal*, and that is a matter of little consequence. Whether you now know that Kundry, repelled by Parsifal, "in wild raving beats her breast terribly," and calls the sorcerer to her aid; that Klingsor hurls at the youth the spear he has purloined, but that the spear, without hurting the youth, flies into his hand, and is moved in the air by him "with a gesture of the highest ecstasy as he traces the shape of the Cross," whereupon the enchanted castle, with all its splendour, sinks into the earth; that, in the third act, Parsifal returns to the Graal, heals Amfortas's wound with the wondrous spear, becomes himself King of the Graal, and discharges the duties belonging to the guardianship of the sacred object; that, as in the first act, bells are pealed, trombones played, and the voices of invisible boys mingle with the voices of invisible youths behind the scenes, while on the stage light and twilight alternate, the Graal glows

purple, a glorious halo spreads over everything and everybody, the dead one (Titurel) awakes, the one condemned to live (Kundry) at length expires; that the whole mystery dies away in the strains, so low as to be scarcely audible: "Wonder of the highest salvation; Redemption to the Redeemer!"—Whether you know, or do not know, all this, gentlemen, must be a subject of indifference to you and to myself. You are not here to judge reasonably, but to admire senselessly. (*Cries of "Turn him out! turn him out!"*) To me, however—"Turn him out! turn him out!"—to me, however, I say, it seems a most marvellous thing that a writer for the stage and operatic composer—"Turn him out! treason! turn him out!"—after daring to lay hands on Wolfram's *Parsifal*, could derive from that joyously-emotional poem, full of healthy love of life and beautiful actuality, nothing better for the stage than precisely the undramatic element in it—its symbolism and mysticism. It strikes me as a more marvellous fact that a fervently Catholicising work, such as Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*, should be written in our time in the native land of Luther and of Beethoven, in the Germany which battles for culture—(*all rise from their seats, and endeavour to cry down the speaker.*) . . . In a word, gentlemen, Art of the Nameless, Theory of the Invisible, Philosophy of the Unclear, Aesthetics of the Inarticulate—wherever you take your lord and master, you grasp a negation; his whole being—(*the noise grows more and more fearful; the speaker can no longer make himself heard above it; only isolated words are audible from time to time.*) . . . a bloated Nothing . . . *Nihil . . . Nihil . . .* (*The speaker is pulled down from the tribune by some young men, and turned out of the room amid indescribable tumult.*)

CHORUS OF BELIEVERS:—*He is condemned!*

COMMON SENSE:—*He is saved!*

EDUARD HANSLICK.

March, 1878.

CONCERTS.

Mr John Thomas gave some of his pupils, who are undesirous of making a public appearance, an opportunity of showing, at a private concert held at his residence on Thursday afternoon, July 20th, their artistic skill upon the harp, of which their instructor is so consummate a master. Miss Florence Chaplin and Miss Haldane opened the concert with a duet for harp and pianoforte by Steibelt; Miss Gunston and Miss Nellie Gunston assisted Mr John Thomas in the trio, "Miserere," arranged from *Il Trovatore*; while the Honourable Miss Mary Anne Maxwell undertook more exacting duties in the grand duet, in E flat minor, for two harps (John Thomas), the other performer being the composer. Two of the young ladies, Miss Maxwell and Miss Chaplin, were also heard in harp solos by Alvars and J. Thomas. Master J. Barker, a professional pupil we presume, gave "The Mandoline" (Alvars) with capital effect, bidding fair, at some future time, to approach the excellence of his accomplished master. Miss Ellicott sang, with winning simplicity of style and purity of voice, "There be none of beauty's daughters" (J. Thomas); Miss Edith Wynne displayed her fine voice and remarkable powers of expression in a Welsh song, "Britain's Lament;" and Miss Beata Francis gave an agreeable rendering of "My home is cloud-land" (Sir J. Benedict). During the concert Lady Benedict performed with rare skill upon the pianoforte.—P. G.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN CHORAL FESTIVAL.—The annual festival of the Malvern Branch of the Worcester Diocesan Church Choral Association was held in the Priory Church, on Thursday, when there was a large congregation. The service was full choral, the choirs of the Priory, Wyche, North Malvern, Bushly, Hanley Castle, Pedmore, Evesham, Leigh, Wollaston, Wilden, and Harvington Churches, which took part in it, numbering over 289. An excellent sermon was preached by the Dean of Worcester. The Revs. E. Vine Hall, I. Gregory Smith, and T. E. Minshall took part in the services; Mr W. Haynes presided at the organ, and Mr T. J. Griffiths, organist of All Saints' Church, Wilden, Stourport, played the concluding voluntary. The clergy and choirs dined together at the Drill Hall in the afternoon. —*Malvern News.*

MANCHESTER.—At the distribution of certificates to candidates who had passed the recent examination for the Manchester centre in connection with the Royal Academy of Music, the chair was occupied by the Bishop of Manchester. Subjoined is a list, in alphabetical order, of the recipients:—

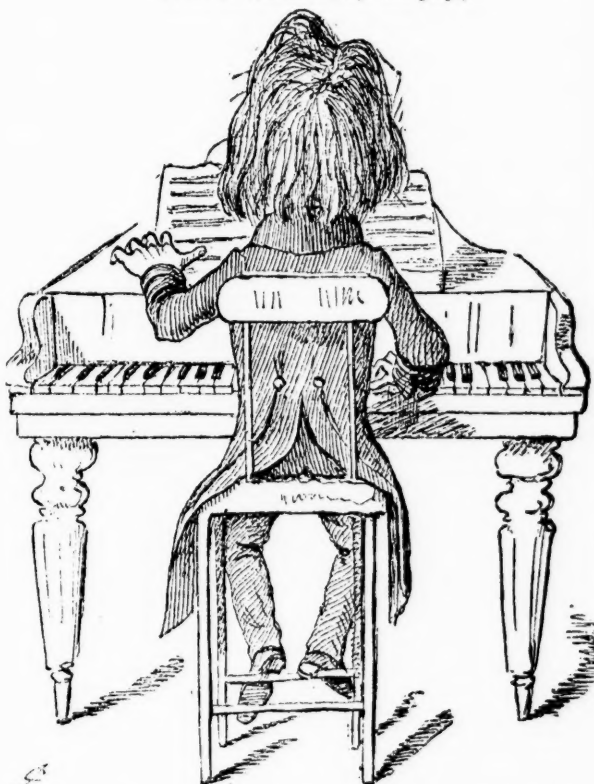
Passed with Honours (Seniors): Martin Agopian, pianoforte; Robert Thorley Brown, pianoforte; Katie Davids, pianoforte; James Dunworth, violin; James Dunworth, harmony; Emily Hill, pianoforte; Caroline

Hithersay, pianoforte; Elizabeth Pickering, pianoforte; Annie Theresa du Pré, singing; James Buckley Thompson, organ. Passed (Seniors): Edith Jessie Arnold, pianoforte; Kate Coleby, elements of music; Katie Davids, singing; Ellen Imelda Davis, harmony; Henry Danworth, harmony; Emily Sophia Elton, pianoforte; Willoughby Edwin Gilbert, pianoforte; Ethel Pilkington Harland, pianoforte; Emily Hill, elements of music; Lilla Hotson, pianoforte; Gertrude Holmes, pianoforte; Jonathan Edwin Houghton, singing; Louis Harold Keay, organ; Mary Lynam, pianoforte; Alfred Mayo, harmony; Sarah Lucy Neave, pianoforte; Emma Nelson, singing; Clara Plews, pianoforte; Jessie Kate Schüller, pianoforte; Alice Lee Southern, pianoforte; Edward Thornley, harmony; Florence Gertrude Waechter, pianoforte. Passed (Juniors): Florence Ambrey, pianoforte; Lucy Greeb, pianoforte; Walter Irwin, pianoforte; Hannah Thorley, pianoforte.

The successful candidates were presented to his Grace by Dr Horton Allison.

A CATCHING TUNE.

HERR GRUBEMANN (*sings and plays*).



Herr Morold zog zu Mee-re her in Kornwall zins zu ha-ben,

HERR GRUBEMANN.—Bother Kurnewal! I can't get this thing out of my head. I won't play to moist again. Who says Wagner can't write a tune? I wish he couldn't.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

As there seemed to be but one dissentient voice in the meeting called to hear Mr Grove on Tuesday last, I should be glad to be allowed space to explain the position of the small minority. Everybody must agree with Mr Grove, as everybody did, that it was desirable to further as much as possible music both as a science and an art; if possible, too, to build up an English school of music. If France and Germany have their recognized schools, although, speaking accurately, Germany has no unified school, there is no reason why efforts should not be made to resuscitate what, at present, we

have lost in England. The labours of Purcell and Arne ought to be carried on by living representative musicians. The nucleus of such a scheme, however, already exists; and it is to the detailed portion of what Mr Grove had to urge that I should wish to take exception. Through good report and through evil report, the Royal Academy has been doing work which its worst enemies cannot fail to recognize, and which, under the most trying circumstances, has shaped and moulded whatever musical talent has come to the front in the country. Its late principal was Sterndale Bennett; its present head is Prof. Macfarren; its first Mendelssohn scholar was Mr Arthur Sullivan. Here, at any rate, we find three names, representative enough, which can testify to the teaching and to the staff of the Royal Academy. But what the Academy has sorely needed throughout its career has been money—a solid fund upon which it could fall back at any time. “The largest scholarship”—so said Mr Grove with apologetic frankness—“which the Academy possesses only reaches £40, and we must have much larger sums than these.” The country, then (for this is the upshot of Mr Grove's speech), is, first of all, asked to subscribe largely to advance a scheme which inevitably must overshadow all others. We should then have some recognized standard. We should have, in a word, such a conservatoire as Frenchmen possess, and of which Frenchmen are proud. But the country is asked to go a step further, and subscribe to a National College of Music which has, to all intents and purposes, been in existence at South Kensington for some years past—a college which has failed. What amount of money the Duke of Edinburgh's scheme at South Kensington has already handled and spent, how many scholarships presented to it by the larger towns have outspent themselves during the last few years, Birmingham, Nottingham, and other towns can tell. Under whatever name the money is to be given, the thing to be secured is the establishment at South Kensington; and the establishment at South Kensington has failed. By all means, if there be the wish for a conservatoire, let us enlarge the borders of the Royal Academy—give it a new name; put new blood into it; appoint more men to the professorships who would have a recognized standing in the country. Give, too, if possible, to Mr Grove himself a fine position on the governing body, for all musicians can appreciate, and thankfully, his untiring devotion and his unselfish aims. But such a detailed scheme as Mr Grove evolves, in the name of Royalty, is a scheme that, so far, has come to hopeless grief; and no amount of fine names nor fine people should induce practical Englishmen to throw over a hard-working body of gentlemen—for this is inevitable, say what we will—in order that a rickety edifice, with a grand name, should be kept from tumbling. I could wish that some professional man had given expression to the foregoing views.

So long as the English people continue to admire self-help, so long will they support such institutions as the Royal Academy of Music, Trinity College, and other educational bodies. It remains to be seen whether the authorities of the Royal College would not do well to claim for themselves a position entirely disentangled from the formerly existing National Training School.—*Bath Evening Chronicle*.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 444.)

For the first theatrical year, which comprises hardly eleven months, after the opening, the following was the repertory of the Théâtre de Monsieur. I do not, however, give it as absolutely complete, because I should not be astonished if two or three pieces had escaped my researches:—

January 26th. *Le Vicende amorose*, Italian opera, Tritta.—28th. *Le Marquis de Tulipano*, Paisiello (translated from the Italian); *Le Bouquet du Sentiment*, one-act comedy in prose, Laudron.—29th. *L'Oncle et le Neveu*, one act comedy in prose, Beaupré.—February 3rd. *Le Chevalier de Faublas*, one-act comedy in verse, Villemain d'Abancourt.—5th. *La feinte Jardinier*, opera by Anfossi (translated from the Italian).—8th. *La Maison à vendre*, ou *La Nuit de Grande*, two-act comedy in prose, Fiévée.—21st. *Il Re Teodoro*, Italian opera, Paisiello.—25th. *Le Bal et le Souper des Poëtes*, one-act comedy in verse, Ronsin.—March 9th. *L'Antiquaire*, French pasticcio, with music by various Italian composers.—12th. *La Serva padrona*, Italian interlude, Paisiello; *Le Fabuliste*, two-act comedy in verse, Laudron.—24th. *I Filosofi immaginari*, Italian interlude, Paisiello.—26th. *Grands et Petits*, double comedy, in a double act, and on a double stage, Guillemain.—April 23rd. *La Matinée de Molière*, one-act comedy in prose.—27th. *Orion dans la Lune*, ou *Le Crédule trompé*, opera by Paisiello (translated from the Italian); *Le Conseil imprudent*, two-act comedy in prose, Paillardelle.—May 6th. *L'Impresario in Angustie*, Italian opera, Cimarosa.—

25th. *Le nouveau Don Quichotte*, two-act French opera, words by Boiset, adapted to music by Zaccarelli.*—26th. *L'Amour et l'Intérêt*, comedy in verse, Fabre d'Eglantine.—June 15th. *La Villanella rapita*, Italian opera, Bianchi.—22nd. *L'Infante de Zamora*, Italian opera, Paisiello (translated from the Italian).—24th. *L'Esclave de la Mode*, two-act comedy in verse, the Marquis de la Salle.—July 2nd. *Pandore*, one-act melodrama, by Daumale de Corsanville, with music by Beck.—8th. *Les Procès*, one-act comedy in prose, Cizos-Duplessis.—22nd. *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, Italian opera, Paisiello.†—28th. *Eléonore de Gonzague*, two-act comedy in prose, Dumaniant.—August 3rd. *L'Isle enchantée*, opera by Bruni (translated from the Italian).—14th. *Le Retour de Camille, ou Camille Dictateur pour la troisième Fois*, one-act heroic piece in verse, by Aude, with music by Bruni.—21st. *La Confiance trahie*, one-act comedy in prose, M. de V. . .—22nd. *L'Isola disabitata*, Italian opera, Mengozzi.—September 11th. *Les Fourberies de Marine*, opera, Piccinni (translated from the Italian).—14th. *Le Nozze di Dorina*, Italian opera, Sarti.—16th. *Le Comte de Waltron*, three-act military piece in prose, translated from the German by Ebers.—October 12th. *Le Souper de Henri IV., ou le Laboureur devenu Gentilhomme*, one-act historical fact in verse, Bouteiller and Dupré de Valmont.—28th. *L'Homme en Loterie*, two-act comedy in verse, Fiévée.—31st. *La Molinarella*, Italian opera, Paisiello.—November 27th. *Le Badiage dangereux*, one-act comedy in prose, Fiévée and Picard.—28th. *Il Fanatico burlato*, Italian opera, Cimarosa.—December 11th. *La Pastorella nobile*, Italian opera, Guglielmi.‡—23rd. Theatre in the Tuileries closed with *L'Infante di Zamora* and *Le Nozze di Dorina*.§

The reader perceives what a great enterprise the Théâtre de Monsieur was, and what important services it rendered art. Amid the incessant difficulties created for it by the political state of affairs in France, then so profoundly troubled, the theatre originated by Viotti and Léonard, and carried on by them with such gallantry, courage, and activity, assumed in Paris an exceptional rank, and succeeded in obtaining numerous and legitimate marks of sympathy. If we look at it merely from a musical point of view, the first thing we find is that in the space of three or four years it introduced to public notice, either in their original shape or in the form of translations, most of the admirable masterpieces of the contemporary Italian school, executed by a group of such incomparable artists that the like of them have never been found again; and, a few years subsequently on its becoming the Théâtre Feydeau, when the Italian singers left it, we see it always animated by the same energy, the same feeling for art, and the same desire to do things well. It was then that, gathering around it all living forces, calling to its aid all musicians of any promise or any reputation, Berton, Boieldieu, Méhul, Dalayrac, Lesueur, Steibelt, Devienne, Gaveaux, Kreutzer, Jadin, Champein, and many more, it followed up one new work with another, and began with the Théâtre Favart the brilliant and prolific

struggle, so full of magnificent splendour, so profitable to the young French school, and creating an epoch in the history of our national art. In these two respects, Cherubini rendered it immense service, in the first place by assisting it to make known the great works of the Italian composers, his fellow-countrymen, to which it frequently happened that he would add some exquisite pages; and secondly, by writing for it the beautiful French scores, *Lodoviska*, *Médée*, *Les deux Journées*, &c., which contributed to the glory of its stage and established his own.

(To be continued.)

WAIFS.

Madame Jonnesco (Miss Bessie Richards) has arrived in London, with her *caro sposo*, on a short visit to her parents.

A series of operatic entertainments will begin at the Crystal Palace next month, commencing on the 15th. A new opera, *Alfred*, by Mr E. Prout, libretto by Mr Grist, is promised for September 2nd, the performance under the direction of Mr Prout himself. The leading singers engaged for the series are M^{me} Blanche Cole, M^{me} Rose Hersec, Miss Armstrong, Messrs William Parkinson, Faulkner Leigh, Aynsley Cook, and Temple. Mr Manns, as a matter of course, holds the position which is his prerogative (and who could sustain it more worthily?), as conductor-in-chief during the entire series.

His Majesty the King of Italy has been pleased to nominate that highly-esteemed Italian poet and dramatic author, the Chevalier G. T. Cimino, "Knight Commander of the Order of the Corona d'Italia," in recognition of the great success obtained by his most recent dramatic works.—*Morning Post*.

A new Teatro-Circo has been opened at Alicante.

Mr and Mrs Arthur O'Leary have gone to Windermere.

Mr Aguilar is passing his vacation at Brent (Devonshire).

Frontini, of Catania, has written an opera entitled *Sansone*.

The Teatro Nuovo, Verona, opens in November with *Aida*.

Scontrino's opera, *Il Sortilégio*, has been purchased by Lucca, Milan.

C. M. Raymond, Annie Louise Cary's husband, is a New York broker.

The wife of Stoumon, one of the managers of the Monnaie, Brussels, is dead.

Miolan-Carvalho retires from the stage to devote herself to teaching.

The rebuilding of the Teatro Comunale, Trieste, will be resumed next month.

The publication of *L'Arte Teatrale* will be resumed at Florence in September.

The once famous vocalist, Ugalde, and her daughter, are at Saint-Honoré-les-Bains.

The concerts in the gardens of the Buen Retiro, Madrid, have been well attended this season.

The wife of Carl Formes, the renowned German bass singer, died recently at San Francisco.

There is a talk of opening the Teatro Malibran, Venice, for opera during the bathing season.

The new opera, *Ersilia*, by Cesare Pascucci, has been courteously received at the Alhambra, Rome.

It is said that a son of the tenor, Vincentelli, also tenor, will shortly come out on the lyric stage.

It is reported that Mr Frederick Clay will have a secular cantata ready for the Leeds Festival of 1883.

Rappoldi, violinist, and A. Fischer, organist, of Dresden, have been making a concert-tour in Saxony.

Lenepveu's *Velleda* is to be performed at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles.—("Glad on't."—*Loder's Aunt*.)

Christine Nilsson's first concert, after her return next October to the United States, will be given at Boston.

The theatre known as the Recreos Madrilenses, Madrid, has been burnt down, fortunately without loss of life.

A new weekly paper conducted by F. Pedrell, and entitled *Notas Musicales y Literarias*, has appeared in Barcelona.

Aymerito is appointed violin professor in the Liceo Musicale, Turin. He succeeds Ferni, who has gone to Pesaro.

* This is a bit of trickery for which I am unable to account: the work was really a French comic opera, and the person concealed beneath the imaginary name of Zaccarelli was Clamépin.

† The first performance of Paisiello's *Barbiere* was delayed by the occurrences of the middle of July which brought about the capture and destruction of the Bastille. We read in the *Journal de Paris* for the 14th: "Though the performances at the theatres were announced yesterday and the day before, they never came off." In this same number for the 14th, the space usually filled with theatrical advertisements is a blank. This is the case, too, on the 15th, and the advertisements do not reappear till the number for the 21st, when they are followed by this notice: "The receipts of all to-day's performances will be handed over to the Mayor of this town to be employed for the benefit of those poor persons who have suffered most from the present state of affairs."

‡ "The Théâtre de Monsieur was the first to put the names of the actors in the bills (8th December, 1789). The Comédie Française did not imitate this example before the month of February, 1790, and the Académie Royale de Musique not till the 5th May, 1791. Even then it mentioned only the principal singers and dancers." CHARLES MAURICE: *Histoire anecdotique du théâtre et de la littérature*, vol. I. p. 16.

§ Here is the programme of this closing performance as given by the *Journal de Paris* in its issue of the 23rd December: THEATRE DE MONSIEUR. To-day, for the closing, *L'Infante de Zamora*, a French opera, parodied from the music of the signor Paisiello, in which the Demoiselle Parisot will make her second *début*, and the thirteenth representation of *Le Nozze di Dorina*, Italian opera, music by Sarti, a sudden indisposition of Dame Mandini preventing the performance of *La Pastorella nobile*. To commence at 5½ o'clock.

Next month, German opera will be given in Warsaw for the first time. Capellmeister Schuch, of Dresden, is conductor.

The Municipal Council of Algiers have voted the erection of a new theatre on the site of the one recently burnt down.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught witnessed the performance of *Patience* at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday evening.

Alessandro Salvini, son of the great Tomasso of that name, is engaged for a series of performances in English at Chicago.

The French Chamber has authorized the Municipality of Nice to borrow 5,000,000 francs for the construction of a theatre.

Teresa Tna, the young violinist, abandoning public playing for the present, has resumed her studies under Massart, in Paris.

August Klughardt, composer of the opera *Gudrun*, enters this month on his duties as conductor at the Ducal Theatre, Dessau.

Giuseppe Pelitti, manufacturer of wind instruments, Milan, has been elected honorary member of the Musical Institute, Florence.

Emma Nevada, after her successes in Italy, has signed with Merelli for a tour in Austria and Germany, to commence in September.

At Schandau, a new Kurhaussaal, the acoustic qualities of which are said to be admirable, was recently inaugurated by a concert for charitable purposes.

The sale of seats for Mr Mapleson's next Italian season in New York has been going on for some time past. (How has it been "going on?"—Dr. Blügg.)

Two of Mme Marchesi's Russian pupils have recently excited attention: Nadine Boulichoff in Italy, and J. de Rindine at the National Operahouse, Moscow.

The report forwarded from Mexico that Sig. Rosa, the conductor, was recently killed in a duel, by Villani, the baritone, a member of the company, is officially denied.

There is a report that Brignoli, the tenor, will ere long lead to the altar a popular contralto. (*Bravissimo, amico vecchio!* Shall I be at the christening? Certainly.—Dr. Blügg.)

The season at the Teatro Apollo, Rome, will, it is said, be inaugurated with the *Prophète*, Potentini and Fancelli sustaining the leading parts. Kuon will be conductor.

Professor Glover, of Dublin, has gone to Caen to assist at the inauguration of the statue of Auber, erected in the principal square of the celebrated French composer's birthplace.

Having declined a re-engagement at the Teatro Real, Madrid, Ordinas, the bass, has gone for a holiday to Villa Santa Margarita, Majorca.—(This is surely a vague rumour.—Dr. Blügg.)

Théo, the delight of Paris, is to make her début in New York on the 11th September. (Heaven pickle the divine songstress. Jonathan, old 'oss, be on your best behaviour.—Dr. Blügg.)

The St Cecilia Academy in Rome, presided over by Marchetti, composer of that remarkable opera *Ruy Blas*, has received a present of two pianos, one from Brinsmead of London, and the other from Erard of Paris.

The total receipts from the performance of *Ernani* at the Teatro Ristori, Verona, in aid of the fund for the erection of a monument to Garibaldi, amounted to 10,125 lire and the expenses to 6,384, leaving a net profit of 3,741.

"It is stated," says the *Lynn Bee* (U.S.), "that Levy, the cornettist gets more salary than an editor.—He does, and it is not fair. We know lots of editors who are bigger blowers than Levy." (That is impossible.—Dr. Blügg.)

Of the artists belonging to the Paris Grand Opera now enjoying a holiday, Carolina Francesca di Rimini Salla, the divine, is at Luchon; Richard is in Switzerland; and Rosita Mauri in Italy. Talazac, of the Opéra-Comique, is at Bordeaux, or in the Pyrenees.—(At both.—Dr. Blügg.)

Morning prayers at St. Matthew's, Sheffield, on a recent Sunday, were—according to a local paper—marked by an incident of an extraordinary and an amusing character. Shortly before service, Mr E. Hobbs, organist, was puzzled to find some keys fastened down as though the "trackers" had been cut. Having obtained professional assistance, an examination of the organ was made, when a cat was discovered in the interior. All attempts to coax the animal from its place were unavailing. The service proceeded smoothly, but when, after the sermon, Mr Hobbs attempted to play the accompaniment to the "Amen," discordant strains were emitted from the instrument. The last hymn was sung without accompaniment. Just as the hymn finished "puss" made her escape, and, bounding along the middle aisle, gained the street.

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Polka-Mazurka ..	"Trebelli" ..	H. Roubier.	Polka ..	"Early in the Morning" ..	C. Coote.
Lancers ..	"Punch and Judy" ..	H. S. Roberts.	Country Dance ..	"Sir Roger de Coverley" ..	Old English.

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Valse ..	"L'innocence" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische ..	"Kettledrum" ..	C. Godfrey.
Quadrille ..	"Punch and Judy" ..	H. S. Roberts.	Quadrille ..	"Caledonians" (with the figures) ..	R. Coote.
Galop ..	"Fun of the ball" ..	Marriott.	Valse ..	"An der Themse Strand" ..	Kéler Béla.
Polka-Mazurka ..	"Mignonette" ..	C. Godfrey.	Polka ..	"Butterfly's Ball" ..	C. Coote, Jun.
Lancers ..	"Ye merrie old times" ..	F. Godfrey.	Country Dance ..	"Speed the Plough" ..	Old English.

THIRD ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

Valse ..	"Pauline" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische ..	"Jenny Bell" ..	H. C. Swatton.
Quadrille ..	"Chilpéric" ..	Marriott.	Quadrille ..	"England and Wales" ..	Marriott.
Galop ..	"After Dark" ..	Montgomery.	Valse ..	"Kathleen Mavourneen" ..	Montgomery.
Polka ..	"Blush Rose" ..	C. Godfrey.	Galop ..	"Wind-up" ..	C. Godfrey.
Lancers ..	"Princess Louise" ..	C. Godfrey.	Country Dance ..	"Off she goes" ..	Old English.

FOURTH ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

Valse ..	"The Language of flowers" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische ..	"Nelly" ..	C. Godfrey.
Quadrille ..	"Blue Beard" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Quadrille ..	"Patchwork" ..	E. M. Lott.
Galop ..	"Domino" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Valse ..	"Kate Kearney" ..	C. Coote.
Polka ..	"Jolly Dogs" ..	Marriott.	Polka-Mazurka ..	"Blue Bell" ..	Marriott.
Lancers ..	"Christmas time" ..	W. C. Levey.	Country Dance ..	"The tank" ..	Old English.

FIFTH ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

Valse ..	"Awfully Jolly" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische ..	"Silver Bells" ..	R. Coote.
Quadrille ..	"Immenseikoff" ..	Marriott.	Quadrille ..	"Scotland" ..	Marriott.
Galop ..	"Escort" ..	C. Godfrey.	Valse ..	"Blush Rose" ..	C. Godfrey.
Polka ..	"Sailor Boy" ..	Marriott.	Galop ..	"Go Bang" ..	C. Coote, Jun.
Lancers ..	"The Cure" ..	C. Coote.	Country Dance ..	"The Triumph" ..	Old English.

SIXTH ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC.

Valse ..	"Burlesque" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Schottische ..	"Rosebud" ..	Frank Percival.
Quadrille ..	"Naval" ..	C. H. R. Marriott.	Quadrille ..	"Military" ..	C. H. R. Marriott.
Galop ..	"Roulette" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Valse ..	"Ours" ..	J. Meredith Ball.
Polka ..	"Kingfisher" ..	C. Coote, Jun.	Galop ..	"New Derby" ..	C. H. R. Marriott.
Lancers ..	"Prince of Wales" ..	C. H. R. Marriott.	Country Dance ..	"Voulez-vous danser" ..	

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